

A JOURNALISTIC PLOT.

Not to make a mystery of this story and thus harrow up the reader's feelings as we go along with the recital of the curious game of cross-purposes at which Minnie Fleming and her husband played. I will state the facts of the case plainly at the beginning so that everyone may understand the situation.

Minnie Fleming was a subdued, quiet little woman with something like ten times the amount of brains her husband possessed, but she was not aware of it and would have been very indignant if any one had ventured to suggest such a thing, for she looked up to her husband with love admiration and respect.

Knowing Jim Fleming well, it always seemed to me that his wife's adoration for him was entirely misplaced. This may be professional jealousy, for I have to admit that I never could read with patience anything Fleming ever wrote. His work seemed to me, not to put it too plainly, guff of the slushiest sort, and there is too much of that kind of writing in the world now. Jim Fleming is a big, gruff, somewhat good-natured person, with a thorough belief in his own abilities, which, as I have intimated, most of us do not think justifiable by facts. He is the editor of "Pot Shots," a London weekly that used to have a large circulation, which is now generally understood to have fallen off on account of the tremendous competition there is in the journalistic business. It is a paper that offers £2,000 insurance money to the heirs of a man who is killed by falling out of a balloon, or at the time of the disaster he happens to have a copy of "Pot Shots" in his pocket.

Now it happened that little Mrs. Minnie Fleming had literary ideas that were promptly crushed by her big husband. She possessed, as I have said, an amazing respect for his literary judgment, and with fear and trembling she had on several occasions submitted little stories to him, hoping that they might merit a place between the covers of Pot Shots; but Jim ridiculed the stupidity of these yarns so severely that Mrs. Fleming, after having a quiet little cry all by herself, showed him no more of these efforts at fiction. Nevertheless, she thought her stories, if not good enough for "Pot Shots," might be palmed off on other less well-edited journals, so she took to sending her stories round to one after another of the London publications, getting them back as a general rule, but having one taken now and then, just enough success to keep up her courage. You may be sure that she took good care not to let her husband know anything of these excursions into the field of literature, but she hoped to be able to earn something with her pen, with the humble desire of helping Jim out, if he ever wanted a little additional money. She had read pretty little stories about wives who had saved a penny to-day and three-pence to-morrow, storing the coins away so that when they were poured out, on the coming of a family circle, they amounted to a wonderful fund that tidied over all the difficulties. She soon found that her chief customer was the editor of the "Family Bouncer," a weekly paper that went in strongly for fiction of all kinds. Her little stories seemed to suit the kind of readers who took that celebrated journal, and although the pay was small at first, the "crisis fund," as she called it, was constantly augmented.

At last she received a nice letter from the editor of the "Family Bouncer." He said he had been watching her little stories with interest for some time past, and that he felt certain she would write a serial if she set her mind to it. Without making any definite promises, he wrote that he hoped she would try, and that she would let him see the result. The letter filled the timorous little heart of Minnie with joy, and she set herself to work to write the long story.

Not to make too long a story of this long story. It may be said that it pleased the editor, was printed in installments and more than pleased the readers of the "Family Bouncer."

Mrs. Fleming wrote under the name of "Hilda Markham," and the result of the appearance of her first long story was that Greig & Co., the literary agents, wrote to her and offered to place any stories she cared to write at advantageous prices as the market would afford, for a commission of 10 per cent. This offer she accepted, and the results were extremely gratifying to her, whatever they may have been to the editors who had to pay the increased prices.

And this brings us to the point where this story begins. One editor generally knows pretty well which of his contemporaries, esteemed or otherwise, has the largest circulation, and which has not, and Jim Fleming saw with dismay that the circulation of his own paper was falling rapidly, and that it was evident that his penny public was drifting over to the "Family Bouncer." In investigating the reasons for this he quickly came upon the bald fact that the increase in his rival was largely due to the stories of the new writer, Hilda Markham. So he resolved to get a story from that lady at all hazards, and thus save his own circulation, which was coming down like a man falling from a balloon, eager to bestow the insurance money on his surviving relatives.

It was one of Jim's theories that women have no heads for business, and that of all women in the world, his own wife had the least capacity in that direction. He made up his mind that he would go as far as £150 for a story by Hilda Markham, and he wrote a letter to her agents opening negotiations for a serial. As it happened, two other editors wrote with a similar object that same day, and the agents were in the delightful financial position of suddenly finding the demand greater than the supply. So they replied to each of the editors that Miss Markham's next story would be £500 for serial rights alone. This price took Jim Fleming's breath away, especially as he had been accustomed all these years to fill the paper with his own stuff and with stolen matter from America. It seemed hard that an honest editor should be asked to pay away good money to a mere writer. So he wrote to the agents, expostulating against the exorbitant terms, and was told in reply that they had two good offers for the story, and merely gave him the first chance because his letter happened to be the first one that was opened. The agent intimated that if he wanted the story he should have to make up his mind at once, so that the other might not be kept waiting. Then it was that Jim Fleming went home, worried about the matter, and he was never a man who concealed his irritation when he en-

tered his own house. Poor Minnie Fleming was very much troubled to see her husband in the state of exasperation that now encompassed him. She asked him timidly to confide his woes to her, and perhaps she might be able to help him out—a suggestion which Jim received with lofty scorn.

"Is it money trouble, Jim?" she asked.

"All trouble is money trouble," replied her husband. "There is no other trouble in this world except lack of money."

"Have you a payment to make?" she asked.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Now, what the deuce good would it do you to know? Have you a bank account?"

"I have a small one," said his wife, trembling as he spoke, for she felt that her secret was in jeopardy.

Jim looked up at her quickly.

"A small one!" she said. "Can't you tell me plainly how much money you have if you have any?"

"You don't tell me plainly," she answered with more spirit than she had yet shown, "how much it is you need."

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you had wanted them; but now I have signed a contract with Greig for all future novels, and thus, you see, for want of a little confidence between us we shall be forever paying Greig 10 per cent., merely that he may hand my stories to you. Jim I don't believe you are nearly as wise a man as I always thought you were."—Robert Barr.

SURGERY BY A BLIND MAN.

Delicate and Dangerous Operations Done With Nerve and Skill.

When Dr. James R. Cocke, of Boston, was two months old, both of his eyes were ruined by a blundering doctor, who administered a wrong medicine, says a recent despatch. Since then he has been totally blind. He is now 32 years of age, and he is consulted in difficult cases by the most eminent of the regular physicians of Boston. He has performed during the last week in June, two very delicate and difficult surgical operations, and in both cases the patients are doing well. He locates a disease by his sensitive touch, and he tells the colors of goods in the same way, singular as it may appear. A lady who had eight or ten samples of dress goods, each about three inches square, and of different colors and shades of colors, handed them to Dr. Cocke the other day, and he at once told accurately the color, and even the shade of color, of each, and selected the samples of best quality. When handed several national bank and Government currency bills, he at once told the denomination of each, and the color, whether green or black. He tells the complexion of a person by touching the skin. It is difficult to believe that a blind man could do this, but he is seen to do it, and accurately, too.

Dr. Cocke went among Buffalo Bill's Indians the other day, and designated their character by their voices, spoken in the Indian dialect. He has three diplomas from colleges of this and foreign countries, and four certificates of commendation from institutions where he has taken special courses of study. He went through a course of study under the famous Weir Mitchell.

Before Dr. Cocke was 21 years of age, he was employed by a large tobacco house to select the raw tobacco for them. He never failed in getting the best quality and the most desirable color—all by the touch. From this source he earned over \$3,000, which paid his expenses at a university in Tennessee, where he stood at the head of his class. From the Tennessee University he entered a medical school, where he was "to the fore" all through the class. He has taken special studies in five other institutions, a part of them in Europe. To attain all that this remarkable man has accomplished in the higher classics and professional studies of the colleges, required a large and firmly knit brain, perseverance and self-reliance to an unusual degree.

The two women patients that he operated upon last week are both doing well. In one case a large tumor was removed; the other was a still more difficult and delicate case. When lifting out the tumor Dr. Cocke found that he had twenty-four forceps holding veins and arteries. He tied blood vessels quickly and removed the forceps. He takes up and ties severed arteries in difficult cases more rapidly than any of the clear-seeing surgeons. He has no idea of the appearance of the moon and planets and stars, nor of the sun; and night and day are all the same to him, except that the stillness of the night does not escape his attention. He is a hard worker and unflinching student. He has a typewriter, to whom he dictates. His wife writes medical prescriptions in Latin.

PRIEST AND PARISHIONER.

Miss Maggie Melody, of Hamilton, used Dr. Agnew's Celebrated Catarrhal Powder, on Recommendation of Rev. Father Hinchey, and Found it a Grand Remedy for Influenza.

Having himself been benefited by the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, Rev. Father Hinchey, of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ont., followed the counsel of the good book, and carried the good news to others. One of his parishioners, Miss Maggie Melody, had been a sufferer from influenza. Father Hinchey knew how much good his remedy had done in case of cold in the head with himself, and recommended it to Miss Melody for her case, who, over her own signature has written: "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for influenza and found it a grand remedy. In fact it gave me relief almost at once. I can with pleasure highly recommend it to all who are suffering from this malady." One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents.

Sample bottle and Blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Detcon, 44 Church st., Toronto.

Was Known in St. John.

A famous old steamer, the Forest City, which was built in 1854, and with the exception of some stirring diversions during the Rebellion has piled between Portland, Me., and Boston during forty years, made her last trip this week. She went from Portland to Boston to be turned over to the junk dealers. She was used as a transport in the Union service, and was the boat armed by Portland citizens for the pursuit of the rebel privateer Tacony, which captured the Caleb Cushing just outside of Portland harbor.—N. Y. Sun, 5th.

Death Seemed Preferable to the agonizing Pain.

Mrs. Roadhouse, of Williscroft, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart since last fall, having taken in all nine bottles, and I now feel entirely like another woman. I am 54 years old, and have been troubled with heart disease for more than twenty years; sometimes for five hours at a time suffering such agony that death seemed preferable to the pain. The cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face. The Heart

Cure gave me relief from almost the first dose and has proved a great blessing. You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think by so doing my good may be accomplished."

Divorced by Candles.

The question of divorce is settled very simply in Burmah. When a husband and wife decide to separate, the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. Then she and her husband sit down on the floor, placing the candles between them, and light them simultaneously. One candle stands for him, and the other for her.

The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house for ever, with nothing and but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longer, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property—if it can be called a division—are settled.

This would seem fair enough on the face of it, but if report is to be believed appearances are deceitful. The wife on her way home with the candles will sometimes take a tiny scraping from the bottom of one of them. A very little will be enough. If the husband is poor and the house empty of pretty much everything but the children, she takes the shortened candle and walks out free and content. But if the house is well furnished and the husband's possessions are considerable, he gets the short candle and does the walking.

CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNNECESSARY.

One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure will Give Relief in the Most Distressing Cases of Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually suffering can be removed, if one knows of the means and way. Much suffering is borne by those who are troubled with kidney disease. The distress at times is keen. But in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a kidney specific and nothing more though nothing less, a sure, safe, and speedy remedy is to be found. Relief is seen in less than six hours.

Stirred Up With a Long Pole.

A quaint practice exists at the Bishop of London's palace at Fulham, and this consists in what appears to be a time-honored custom of waking up the episcopal domestics by means of a long pole. At Fulham the palace lodge-keeper has a regular morning duty to perform in knocking up certain of the servants at successive hours, beginning at about half-past five. The pole he uses is not employed, however, like the old church "rousing staves," which came in handy in churches in the case of inattentive or dozing members of the congregation to bring them to a proper sense of their position. The venerable man is provided with a slender rod some 15 feet in length, and with this he raps on the antique casements of the servants' bedrooms in the quadrangle within the massive wooden gates of the large western archway, and he continues his attention until the sleeper gives a more or less grateful answer.

"I Took One-Half Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and Obtained Perfect Relief."—This Remedy Gives Relief in a Few Hours, and Usually Cures in One to Three Days.

J. H. Garrett, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S., makes, for the benefit of the public, the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my feet to the floor. I tried everything and consulted physicians, but my suffering continued. As last I was prevailed upon to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I obtained perfect relief before I had taken half a bottle of the remedy, and to-day regard it the only radical cure for rheumatism."

Love's Young Dream.

In a certain hotel parlor in this city there is a dear little couch in a cozy spot, just fitted for lovers' tête-à-têtes, and a pretty girl and her best beau have discovered it. When she lurches with him at the hotel they immediately repair to the parlor and sit on the couch. Then he puts his manly arm around her neck and whispers airy something to her, pats her shoulder, ruffles her tresses, and finally imprints not one, but a baker's dozen of kisses upon her ruby lips.

Sometimes he forgets to stop for several minutes. Then, when he is exhausted from his efforts, she settles herself closer to him, and while nothing can be seen of him from her big hat, big sleeves and full skirt, save his pointed tan shoes, she takes a hand in the caressing.

Are they alone? Well, hardly. The hard-hearted hotel proprietor, who ought to get his deserts some time, has so arranged his plate-glass mirrors that the couch is plainly visible from a pier glass on one of the stair landings.

Here first one bell boy and then another stands and takes notes. Then they giggle and go for the chambermaids. The girls come and take envious peeps until the sound of the ladies coming from lunch makes them scurry.

The ladies, too, stop on the landing and enjoy love's fond dream, and all the time the pretty girl and her beau have no idea that there could be a soul mean enough to spy upon them. But the mirror should be moved.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

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The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, Dorchester, Mass., is printed on each package.

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JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP

and use it, or have it used on

wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes

them. How little hard work there

is about the wash. How white

and smooth it

leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

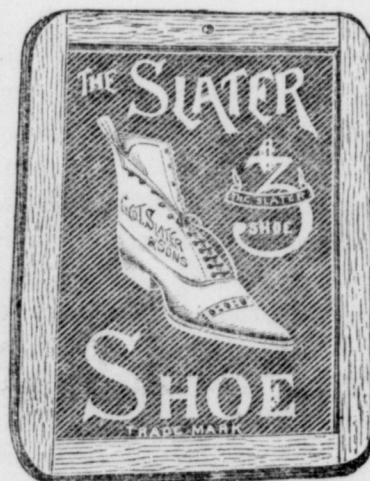
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The Shoes that Slaters' Build.



These are the shoes with the price on the sole, put there to protect the purchaser so that no dealer can sell them for more than the makers intend. The shoes won't wear any better for having the price stamped on them, but the value won't be any the less for it—you can rely upon that. It's a proof that the manufacturers of

The Slater Shoes

have confidence in the wearing quality, workmanship and value of them, when they brand each pair with their name. Made of best imported calfskin, Goodyear Welt system. Six shapes—all sizes—many widths.

Three Grades—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

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